

Can't Say Good-bye (3/??) City Hunter/La Femme Nikita Crossover  
by HybridC

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Summary: Kaori is looking outside. What is she thinking? Why is she so sad?

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Kaori looked outside from the window of her Section's apartment in the downtown Chicago. It has been almost three long years since she was informed about her death and given a choice to join Section One. She stared at her reflection on the window glass, a beautiful woman in fashionable short hair looking back at her. Sometimes, it scared her that she couldn't recognize herself. It was desperation and fear made her take the life in Section One, but at the moment, she did not fully understand the consequence of her action and its ramification. It was true that she did not want to die. Some foolish way, at first she believed that as long as she was alive she would have a chance to reunite with Ryo, maybe an escape. But after two years of vigorous training to become the Section operative and now being sent into countless field missions, Kaori has been changed so much, and she hated what she became. There was no more a little naive, innocent young woman who loved life more than anything.

"Who are you?" Kaori said to her reflection resentfully.

After particularly violent mission, hugging cold machine-gun in her chest, lying on ground, and waiting for Section's helicopter, she wondered and dreamed about Ryo in brief moment. From his elusive past, she knew that Ryo was the man who went through the killing fields countless times, lived and breathed in the hell hole of human horror. What would he think about her if he saw her killing people, bad and good all mixed together for greater but invisible good. Means for the end. Sacrifice Lambs. Every time when she killed someone, a

pieces of her died together with it. A bit by bit. She felt like each killing burettes against enemies was piercing her heart and fresh. She wondered what she would be if all part of her was taken away from her. She was just afraid the time when she would feel nothing at all, but void. Biting down her lips not to cry, she kept look into her reflection. The reflection didn't give her any answer to her question.

Still she wanted to be with Ryo desperately. Ryo could take away all her pain. He could hold her and make everything all right. Cleverly, he would joke and flirt to other women to and fro, then he would make her so mad to forget everything. He knew how to push her buttons. She missed everything about him.

Certainly, the escape crossed her mind countless times during first couple months. One telephone call to her friends, maybe she could get out from this living hell. Now she looked back and found how foolish and dangerous that notion was. Conveniently her trainer, Nikita, must see Kaori's such ridiculous but dangerous hope, one day Nikita took her to a small room in Section's remote area and forced her watch painful and gruesome execution of escapee. She remember the dying man's horror burned into her eyelids forever. She threw up instantly, and even after the hideous show of execution, she continued to throw up into a laboratory in her room in tear until only thing she could get was bitter stomach acid which didn't come out. Still she could not wipe away the horror. Kaori got Nikita's message loud and clear. She was in Section, and there are no escape from Section but death. Death in Section was only mercy anyone can get.

It was wrong to say that she didn't have any human contacts in Section. There were people around her always, cold-operatives, tech, medical, profiler, etc. Most of Section One's operatives were all beautiful and handsome; it seemed that their physical assets were treated as same as other field skills such as combat, tactics, etc. Sure, many operatives hit on her at first with assemble of flowers, candies, and wonderful dinner invitations like normal people, but weird thing was none could touch her heart. Even Section's number one Romeo, Michael did not move her heart at all. For her, it was more like looking at an doll. She could understand its beautify and grace, but she could not make deep cosmic connection with anyone like she did with Ryo. They fought all the time, but they knew nothing could separate them. They had each other no matter what. The most saddest thing was she couldn't go back to Ryo anymore even though she wanted. In deep down in her heart, she knew that she was not Ryo's Kaori any longer. The bridge was burned; there was no going back to her past. She felt more like she was on a runaway train, speeding toward the high cliff.

The sound of ringing cell phone woke up Kaori from her daze trip back to past, "Hello," answered Kaori.

"Rosemary...." It was Nikita's husky voice.

Kaori hung up the phone. She was just one of many slaves in Hell, and her master summoned her.

End  
file.